

6.
THE LATE BISHOP OF HURON.

FUNERAL SERMON,

—BY—

VEN. C. C. BROUGH, A.M.,

ARCHDEACON OF LONDON,

AND RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S, TOWNSHIP OF LONDON.

DELIVERED AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 1, 1871.

LONDON, ONT.

Herald Steam Printing Establishment, Dundas and Carling Streets, opposite City Hotel.

1871.

3266

THE LATE BISHOP OF HURON.

FUNERAL SERMON,

—BY—

VEN. C. C. BROUGH, A.M.,

ARCHDEACON OF LONDON,

AND RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S, TOWNSHIP OF LONDON.

DELIVERED AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 1, 1871.

"And as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment: so it it was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall appear the second time without sin, unto salvation."—Hebrews ix., 27, 28.

The portion of scripture which I have now read for you, my brethren, naturally leads us to reflect (and, I hope, seriously), on that solemn issue to our being which awaits us all. It impends, brethren, it is verified by what our eyes have seen, and our hands handled. "It is appointed unto men once to die!" The text relates to death, to judgment, to redemption.

Whilst these subjects relate to all, and are at all times applicable, there are circumstances under which, and times in which, death, by special incidents, is brought vividly and impressively before us. And assuredly such has been the case in what we have so recently witnessed—public attention arrested, and public respect shown, as the remains of the late respected Bishop of this Diocese

(and for lengthened years the pastor of this congregation), were conveyed in solemn procession to their last resting place.

While I refer to this idea, and advert to these circumstances, it is not to glorify man, or do honor to man, but to induce in us all a desire to seek "the honor that cometh from above."

But it is not only in the death of our lamented Bishop that we have the evidences of mortality, but a brief retrospect will show what may not here be inappropriately noticed, that amongst his close friends and associates in the early day of this city, scarcely one remains. Thus the special event which is this day more particularly before our minds, will renew the grief of many households in the remembrance of their own bereavements.

As regards myself, I may be permitted to say, that if the ties of friendship, the bonds of brotherly love, respect for position, the recollection of intercourse pleasurable, instructive, profitable; could these associated reminiscences warrant my feeble attempt at eulogy, my heart would willingly express, my tongue ardently utter my appreciation of the happy intercourse I enjoyed, and the place I possessed in the confidence of our valued, departed diocesan. To speak his praise, I know, would not be congenial to his nature, or in accordance with any wish he ever expressed; display was not a trait in his character, and I am almost tempted to say, it is to be regretted that he had not greater desire to give prominence to the resources of mind which he possessed. Nevertheless, when circumstances demanded, he ever showed himself adequate to his position.

A leading characteristic of his teachings and ministrations as a parochial clergyman, and subsequently in the discharge of his Episcopal office, was the promulgation and maintenance of that cardinal truth of the Bible, and of our reformed church, justification by faith in the merits of a Saviour, with, doubtless, its accompanying fruits. To these great truths he ever gave prominence in his least studied discourses, as well as in his more elaborate expositions of the Word of God. I need scarcely add, his expositions were lucid, logical and impressive.

Geniality of heart, and resources of mind, as evidences of character and attainments, are oft seen, and are not to be undervalued when shown in comparatively small and subordinate things. In this respect our departed Bishop was eminent. He was genial, and with happy faculty his intelligence ever made companionship with him pleasurable, and imparted an interest even to things, by comparison, small; while egotism was utterly foreign to his disposition and habits. Those who have journeyed with him have pronounced him the most agreeable and intelligent of travelling companions, so varied and entertaining were his resources. In days

gone by, when journeys were not performed with the flight and rapidity which now they are, the tediousness of the olden way was oft unfelt, beguiled by his pleasing narrations, in relation to the past of this country, its succeeding progress, but all as connected with the object of missionary itineration and the best interests of the people. Possessed of mechanical genius, he looked at the operations of the field with delight as he discerned how the labor of the husbandman was diminished by the inventive faculty of the mechanic. My mind reverts with pleasure to an occasion, on which his descriptive capabilities interested me much. Journeying on a missionary excursion on a winter's night, the frost sharp, the firmament spangled with stars, to man innumerable, it was elevating as my revered companion scanned the mighty vault above us, tracing the constellations, and telling the names of each brightest one amongst the multitude. The topic was inspiring, and failed not, I trust, to direct our thoughts to Him who "spreadeth out the heavens, telleth the number of the stars, and giveth to them all their names." The Psalmist's words claimed our utterance, apposite language for the occasion—"when" (said the sweet singer of Israel), "when I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers. the moon and the stars which thou hast created, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou soregardest him?"

My brethren, I have said comparatively small things indicate character, and small things oft form bright spots in the journey of life. I have said, also, I am not here to panegyryze a mortal; it is not my purpose to give eclat to man, yet it is not incumbent on me to withhold a tribute due. Flattery to the living is an evil, it is pernicious, it is wrong; but a record to departed worth can scarcely be amiss, it cannot awake, it cannot reach the silent dust, it cannot harm or soothe the dull, cold ear of death.

It becomes us to be moderate in our applause, whether as regards the living or the dead, and to be governed by moderation in our joys and in our sorrows, yet were I to give place to feeling on this occasion, I should be tempted to plagiarise the poet, and stealing his language, say—

When I remember all friends,
So closely linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, &c.

I often feel we should be thankful for poetry, it seems to be akin to piety and to help devotion; applied to sacred use it hallows our emotions, sanctifies sentiment and becomes a vehicle to thought

upwards and heavenwards. Poetic song swells the theme of heaven, "the song of Moses and the Lamb." May we breathe the inspiration, and rejoice in its comforts.

I shall proceed, my brethren, to my text for a little: "It is appointed unto men once to die." Such is the decree of heaven. God's irrevocable purpose, man's doom. This intimation should suffice as the Creator's warning to us to be ready. But does he leave us to this one declaration of His intent, and of our position. No. Does he not, as with intreaty, follow us, and with line upon line, and precept upon precept, with metaphor significant and figure multiplied, tell and remind us of what we are and whereof we are made? What similitude has he not employed? Saith he not, "What is your life? It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "We fade as doth a leaf." This is God's testimony. Are not then our monitors many; in that they are presented to us in every leaf? Have we not recently seen our woods in richest foliage, clothed in verdure? Behold them now!—yesterday, green, grateful to sight. To-day, seared, sapless, withered, drooping to earth to mingle with the clay; a fitting emblem of our condition, hastening to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Yes, saith the divine word again. The days of man are as grass, as a flower of the field; so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more—and such is man! "Here we have no continuing, no abiding city." "Our earthly ties are weak, on which we dare not rest, for time dissolves, and death shall break the sweetest and the best." But, my brethren, is this all? Is it this only that we gather from the text? No! "After death, the judgment!" It is this that gives solemnity to dissolution, that makes death a "king of terrors." 'Tis not the dying, but 'tis this men fear, to be they know not what, they know not where. The thought is solemn. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ;" before Him shall be gathered all nations. The solemn ordeal awaits us and its eventful issues. A judgment seat presupposes an ordeal, a code, a law of adjudication. We are thus instructed in relation to it. "I saw" (saith St. John), "a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the heavens and earth fled away, and there was no place for them; and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell gave up their dead which were in them; and they were judged, every man according to their works. And whosoever was not written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Such, then, my brethren, shall be the procedure! There

were books, and a book. As we understand it, *the books* contained the record of man's deeds, every forbidden act, every undischarged duty, everything done that ought not to have been, everything left undone that ought to have been done. Every idle word that we have spoken are subjected to the scrutiny of God. Wonder not, then, that the thought of judgment made Felix tremble, or that the words, "Thou art the man," should pierce David's conscience, and cause him, as before God, to say, "Thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind." Under a similar impression Elijah's presence confounded Ahab.

Who knoweth the power of the divine anger? For, "as is thy fear, so," as saith the Psalmist, "is thy wrath."

The fingers of a man's hands on the plaster of the wall of the king's palace shook Belshazzar's soul. His countenance changed, his thoughts troubled him, the joints of his loins were loosed, his knees smote one against another. The presence of his thousand lords, his princes, his wives, his concubines, the golden and the silver vessels, the flagons of wine, the sumptuous feast, the costly viands, neither mitigated or assuaged his fear. The king cried aloud, prayed an interpretation of the writing. The solution spake: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

These cases may appear to you special, and peculiar to the parties we have named. But, my dear brethren, though you be not, even as they, judgment is not to you the less momentous. Your hope in the judgment day must not arise out of any difference which may exist between you and other men, but what you are in relation to the law of procedure which shall prevail in judgment. In a word, have you continued in all things written in the book of the law to do them, loving God with all your heart, mind, soul and strength, and your neighbor as yourself. Now, should God be severe to mark iniquity, laying judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; should he with omnipotent hand lift up the balance, place in one scale his commands and in the other our performances, or merits, which would preponderate? I submit the question, using a figure of the sacred page. I answer on the same authority, and in the diction already quoted, "weighed in the balance and found wanting." How, then, are the scales to be poised, and an equilibrium attained? Let self-renouncing hand, if so it may be, take from the scale all human merit, and place therein the Saviour's righteousness and worth, then shall be accomplished an adjusted beam, and an equipoise effected. Thus mercy and truth shall meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other. Analogous to this is the other figure to which I have referred, *the books*, and *a book*. The former, figurative of the two tables of the law, manifesting our deficiencies and our guilt; the

latter, the Lamb's book of life, indicating our refuge from wrath, to the safety of our souls, pointing to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, to Jesus (according to the language of the latter clause of my text), *bearing* the sins of many, and who, "to them that look for Him, shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation." In this, we say, consists our safety, Christ bearing our sins in His body on the tree, wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace laid upon Him, that we by His stripes might be healed. Effectual was the atonement thus made, the sacrifice thus offered, yea, so effectual that "there remaineth no more offering for sin." He put it away by the sacrifice of Himself, took it out of the way nailing it to his cross. How significantly was this putting away of sin, this transfer of guilt symbolized and prefigured by the scapegoat type. The blood of an unoffending animal shed, to denote that without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin, and with this, the confession of the offender with hands laid on the other creature, which was conveyed away to the wilderness bearing the guilt, there to be left, never to return. This proceeding fitly suggests the idea and aptly expresses our privilege and our need to bring our sins to Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God, who bears them all and frees us from the o'erwhelming load. Thus shall a blessed transfer of our names from the *books* to the Lamb's *book* of life be vouchsafed. Have you, my brethren, been led thus to the Saviour? are you running with patience the race that is set before you, *looking unto Jesus* as "the author and finisher of your faith," "the propitiation for your sins." "Look unto Him and be ye saved," are His words. Look to Him, though you see Him not now, though you behold Him not nigh. Look to Him in faith. Look to Him as did Abraham, who "desired to see His day, saw it and was glad." Look to Him as those who looked for "the consolation of Israel," "the hope of Israel the Saviour!" Look to Him in an expectancy which will render His coming and appearing to you glorious, glorious in the realisation of all you desired, when, triumphing in His advent you shall say, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, He will save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation. Glorious sequel to human existence. The march of death terminated, the last enemy overcome, the dread strife over—and then rest with Jesus, joys at God's right hand, pleasures for evermore. "Glorious Gospel," by which "life and immortality are thus brought to light," let the hope it sets before you animate you onwards. A hope which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast. Let it be your stay and your trust through the storms of time, it will be your safety o'er the waves of this troublesome world. Comforting thought, my dear brethren, comforting, I hope, to ourselves, as once comforting to those who have gone before; and comforts

in reversion to those who follow. Wherefore, saith the apostle, comfort each other with these words, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him. I am constrained by thoughts which these words induce to associate and refer again to the event that gives peculiar solemnity to this evening; impressed upon me also by the aspect of this sanctuary now draped in mourning. The evidences of death are present, and that through the demise of Him who here long declared that provision of mercy, that abounding grace, which takes from death its sting, and from the grave its victory. "We mourn, but sorrow not, as others which have no hope." We bow to the dispensation; yet feel that no more shall be seen in this house of prayer the pastor that originated its erection, and whose desire for the religious interests of this people secured so largely for its maintenance in this city. No more shall be heard the voice that oft was raised from the former olden pulpit. No other Master Sunday shall it proclaim from the place where now I stand the unsearchable riches of Christ; that festival of the present year, after a ministry of forty years amongst you, being the last on which, through failing health, he possessed ability to address the congregation. He preached from the text: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." His incapacity for labor commenced just as he had entered on his seventieth year. After a few months' suffering, born with patient resignation, his useful life terminated, and as I may remark, at an emblematic period of the year, the close of summer, and the falling of the leaf. His departure occurred on the 22nd of September, in this year of our Lord 1871.

But think that all his cares are past,
His toils and labors closed for ever,
While He whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant's head
A crown that fadeth never.

A verse of a hymn, the last I ever heard him repeat, was this:—

Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the promise is given.
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

His presence is withdrawn; his words, I trust, remain, and shall here long have their abiding. We look for them not as pendants from these beams and pillars; not as written in terrors on the plaster of these walls; not as graven on stones, but on the fleshy tables of your hearts, in grateful remembrance, and profit abundant to your souls. Allusion to walls and timbers, bring to mind the prophet's words, and in applying them to you, my brethren, believe me I do so in all love and good intent. They are thus expressed:—"The stone out of the wall shall cry, and the beam of the timber shall answer it," witnessing to your responsibilities and the influence

which the words of the lamented departed one has had amongst you. We trust to a gracious Providence to supply the bereavement which we have sustained. We pray, I trust, for the vouchsafement of guidance from on high, in behalf of him who is now over this diocese, in the Lord, that he may be faithful to his trust, wise in administration, judicious in his patronage, alive to the interests of each locality, and happy in the adaptation of his clergy to the circumstances of the congregations over which they may be severally placed. We desire to see our Bishop liberal and Catholic in his principles, an adherent immoveable to the spirit of the reformation and the doctrines of our Protestant reformed Church. Such a one, I trust, we have in our new chief pastor. Let our prayers be, that the divine unction and blessing may be vouchsafed to him.

Brethren, I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified through faith in Christ Jesus.

